

HENRY WATTERSON SOUNDS KEYNOTE

Delivered Address in New York January 17.

THROWS NEW LIGHT ON GREAT RACE PROBLEM.

HAS KNOWN NEGRO ALL HIS LIFE—IN SLAVERY AND IN FREEDOM—HAS ALWAYS FOUND HIM INDUSTRIOUS AND PAINSTAKING—PREACHES EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL MEN—WOULD NOT ASK MORE FOR HIS CHILDREN THAN HE WOULD BE WILLING TO GIVE OTHERS—PREDICTS BRIGHT FUTURE FOR THE RACE.

On Friday evening, January 17, Mr. Henry Watterson, of the Courier-Journal, of Louisville, delivered an address on the "Future of the Negro," the needs, aims and hopes of the colored race, before a large audience, at Carnegie Hall, in New York. Cardinal Gibbons, Governor Hughes, Ambassador Bryce and Booker T. Washington were among the speakers of the evening. The meeting was for the purpose of launching a campaign of money raising for Tuskegee Institute.

MR. WATTERSON'S SPEECH.

Mr. Henry Watterson said that though the white man seemed to have gotten along faster than his colored neighbor, all were creatures of evolution and education, and added: "We have had no race war or serious race conflict in Kentucky. The feudists of the mountains, the night riders of the tobacco belt are all whites, not blacks. Reasonable white people and reasonable black people find it easy to get along much as if there existed no color line. Each is inspired by a sense of duty to the other, under which the benign influence of religion and humanity may yet blossom into the old domestic relations of confidence and affection, the man-ownership clause succeeded by a manhood clause, at once self-respecting and reciprocally respected."

THE NEGRO'S FUTURE.

Mr. Watterson spoke as follows: The most serious problem for the former slave-holding States to solve—by reflection one of the most serious problems for the States of the North to consider and help to solve—is known as the Negro question. As it stands, it is the embodiment of a century of misleading and error. Each side to the controversy has had its share in both the misleading and the error, not until Heaven raised up in the proscribed race a Man—a Leader of Men though a Negro—who is with us here to-night—did a single ray of truth penetrate the surrounding darkness. Almost despairing, I had ceased to theorize, throwing myself back on a simple, childlike faith in God, when Booker T. Washington appeared upon the scene to lighten the gloom and point the way. It rejoices me to stand by his side, to hold up his hands. Nobody can go to Tuskegee, and see what I saw there, and come away without being impressed. Ever since I went there, now many years ago, I have been filled with hope; for though the institution of African slavery be dead, and thank the Lord of hosts for that, the Negro is here; he is here in ever-increasing numbers, and he is here to stay. All schemes for getting rid of him are fantastic, and, if attempted, would prove abortive. He must be developed on new lines, educated to an anomalous situation, and resolved into the body of society, not as an irritant, but as a natural, indispensable component part. That's the problem.

BOTH SECTIONS RESPONSIBLE.

The two sections of the American Union were in the beginning, as you know, jointly responsible for African Slavery. Originally the slave trade existed both North and South. The African was brought here in Northern ships. When the North found slave labor unprofitable it sold its slaves to the South, which mistakenly thought

it profitable. I have never heard that the North failed to put the money it got for its slaves in its pocket. It is to the glory of our common manhood that, when Virginia ceded an Empire to the Federal Government, it was stipulated that human bondage should never cross its border. At last the Institution of African Slavery precipitated the South into a ruinous war, and, after this war, it was discovered that slave labor had been no more profitable in the South than in the North.

THE NEGRO'S CROWN OF GLORY.

During a century of angry contention among the whites about the blacks, starting with the suppression of the African Slave trade to culminate with the Proclamation of Emancipation, it was the black people, not the white people, who conducted themselves like Christian men and women, and if Gabriel should suddenly blow his horn and the world should come to an end this blessed instant, many a white man might be found holding up a black man betwixt himself and the fire, to plead his case before the Recording Angel. The black people ought to be very proud of this. It should constitute their point of departure in that soul-journey from grace to grace toward perfection which is the goal of those that accept for their rule of life and death, the Religion of Christ and Him Crucified.

RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

Many years ago, within the circle of a bay window overlooking one of the great avenues of the City of Washington, I was dining with a party of friends. We had been discussing the race question, when, as if to punctuate our discourse, two men across the way—a black man and a white man—entered upon an altercation which came to blows. The police were conveniently, I might say characteristically, absent. A ring was formed, and, in true Marquis of Queensberry style, the race war upon a small but tangible scale was then and there fought out. Taking this to illustrate the interrupted conversation one among our group asked, apparently confident of the reply, "which are we for, the Nigger or the Irishman?" It was an eminent statesman of the South who answered, "Well, before I decide that I should like to know which has the right of it."

My own attitude toward the racial question has always grounded itself in the same principle. I want nothing for myself, or for my children, which I am not ready to give to my colored neighbor and his children. I live in a region peopled by many blacks, good, orderly, hard-working folk. They know me and they know that, when I declare this, I mean it.

I am, in my own home, served by black people, and very well served, having had no occasion to change a serving man or woman in many years. We go away, and sometimes are absent for months, returning to find the place as we left it. If they were actual members of the family, they could not be more solicitous for our welfare.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

I passed not a few of my boyhood days upon the plantation in Tennessee—in point of fact, upon two plantations in Tennessee—where slavery existed in its complete but also under its milder aspects and conditions. From the earliest dawning of intelligence, which I can remember, the system seemed to me monstrous. "If slavery is not wrong," said Lincoln, "nothing is wrong." So I thought, and so I think. Thousands of men fought and fell on the Confederate side of the War of Sections, who believed the same thing; as did Washington and Jefferson, and the gentlemen of Virginia who made the first American Revolution.

When the Second American Revolution came to pass liberating, as by a stroke of the sword, nearly four million slaves from bondage, my sentiment of freedom was in excess of my sense of the magnitude and the complexities of the event. I accepted the situation. The three last Amendments to the Constitution I declared to be the actual and final Treaty of Peace between the North and the South. It was my opinion—based on feeling and not on knowledge or judgment—that invested with full citizenship the newly-liberated slave would be able to work out his own destiny. During the ten years of Reconstruction that followed, I devoted my energies toward the habilitation of the black man of the South as essential to the pacification of the white men of the North and South. There are plenty of

(Continued on Page 3.)

ANOTHER GOLD BLOODED MURDER

Mr. William Malone Shot Down Like a Dog.

D. W. GRAVES, STABLE BOSS, COMMITTED DEED.

NO PROVOCATION FOR BARBAROUS ACT—PERRY TOLIVER ONLY EYEWITNESS TO TRAGEDY—STATES HE HEARD NO WORDS BETWEEN TWO MEN—VILLAIN GRAVES TRIES TO MANUFACTURE PRETEXT THAT MALONE WAS ATTEMPTING TO ROB HIM—GREAT INDIGNATION FELT AND MUCH EXCITEMENT PREVAILS.

Another widow left without protection to tread the wine press alone; another law-abiding citizen gathered to his rest, and another outrage upon Nashville, is chalked up in the annals of crime for Saturday evening, last.

As usual, a Negro is the victim and a white man is charged with the crime. The victim was William Malone, who was at the time of the shooting employed by the Nashville Roofing and Paving Company, occupying the prominent position as finisher, while the assassin was one W. D. Graves, a stable boss, who had charge of the horses and wagons, but who had been temporarily promoted to fill the position of paymaster.

On Saturday evening, while paying off the Negro help, which is largely in the majority with this concern, it appears that he could not stand the temporary promotion, as the facts gathered from witnesses and from those who went to get their money show that the very first duty devolving upon him, according to his thought, was to "bully" each employee or each laborer who called for his money. All had been paid off with the exception of a few, among which number was Wm. Malone. When he called to get his money he was handed the contents of a forty-five, without any apparent cause and in actual cold blood, according to the statement made by Perry Tolliver, an employee of the Company and an eye-witness to the shooting. Mr. Perry Tolliver also testified at the coroner's jury inquest that Graves "had it in" for Malone. Other witnesses testified that they had heard Graves state on several occasions that he intended to kill some of the "niggers" before long.

The shooting occurred at the pay office of the Company on Third avenue, North, on last Saturday evening, between three and four o'clock. Malone was at once taken to the City Hospital, where every possible effort was made to locate the bullet, which entered the stomach about five inches above the abdomen, and seemed to have taken a straight course, striking the lower part of the liver. The above statement was from Dr. Thompson. But without avail, the deceased passed away between nine and ten o'clock and was immediately sent to A. N. Johnson's undertaking establishment, Cedar street, where his lifeless remains lay all day Sunday. A Globe reporter was present and viewed the remains. He saw the body stripped to its nude state during a careful examination by physicians and coroner's jury. He heard the evidence of each witness, which seemed to point to deliberate murder with malice aforethought. He was also present and heard the verdict of the seven jurors as follows, "William Malone came to his death from a gunshot wound fired from a gun in the hands of Mr. Graves."

The verdict was the unanimous consensus of opinion of those who heard the testimony. Graves was arrested Saturday evening and remained in the city jail all day Sunday. Monday he was taken before Judge Baker and bound over to the Criminal Court. In default of bail, he was locked up in the county jail.

The deceased leaves a wife. He had a high standing with the Nashville Roofing and Paving Company, which evidenced the sympathy in his untimely taking off. The company telephoned Johnson's undertaking establishment and requested that all money

that had been paid on the funeral by the deceased's wife be returned to her and that Malone be given a first-class burial. The bill was ordered sent to them, which proved beyond a doubt that Malone was no loafer and no ordinary man in the estimation of the Company.

EDUCATIONAL AND RACE MASS MEETING.

An audience consisting of between six and seven hundred gathered in the auditorium of St. Paul A. M. E. Church, Monday night, and listened to an excellent program which had been prepared for the occasion. It was an educational and race mass meeting—one of the first of its kind held in Nashville. A deal of interest was created in the meeting, principally on account of the coming campaign and because some of the speakers that were assigned to subjects were expected to give vent to their feelings along political lines. The meeting had been chiefly chaperoned by the active workers in the African Methodist Episcopal Church, as the principal speakers were of that connection. This, however, did not mean that it was not a race meeting and that the interest was not to be created. When it is taken into consideration that the admission fee of ten cents was charged, and yet this large audience was present, it can be readily seen that the meeting was not lacking in point of attendance.

It was 8:30 before the meeting was called to order by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Evans Tyree, M. D., D. D., LL. D., of the Tenth Episcopal District, who was acting as master of ceremonies. Excellent music was one of the features of the program, most of which was furnished by the St. Paul choir. A noticeable feature of the meeting was the attendance of men prominent in all walks of life from various parts of the state of Tennessee. Instead of being a meeting of local influence, it attracted from Memphis on the West, and Chattanooga on the East; in fact, there was hardly time enough allotted to each speaker for doing justice to the subject in the briefest business talk.

Bishop Lee, the first speaker, who was on program for remarks, in a very mild and straightforward way, told of the many accomplishments of the race and in his own way injected into the remarks some accomplishments of the African Methodist Church.

The meeting did not turn from its first purpose, which was indicated in the call as an educational and mass meeting. The commendable strides made by the race in such institutions as Paul Quinn College at Waco; Shorter College at Little Rock, Turner Normal and Industrial School at Shelbyville, Howe Institute at Memphis, Roger Williams, Walden and Fisk Universities at Nashville; Knoxville College at Knoxville, and, in fact, all the schools in the race supported in whole or in part directly by the race, were mentioned very favorably.

A interesting speaker of the evening was Dr. E. W. S. Hammond, Dean of the Theological Department of Walden University, who is always interesting and commands an excellent flow of language.

Dr. W. D. Chappelle, of the A. M. E. Sunday School Union, spoke, but did not use his manuscript, preferring to speak upon a live topic. Rev. T. W. Haigler added more fire to his "Survival of the Fittest" than any of the previous speakers. Naturally having the command of an excellent voice, he used it to good advantage. Dr. Geo. W. Henderson and Rev. S. E. Griggs were both absent, but Rev. J. Q. Johnson, of Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., made up for the absentees by a very heated address, in which he proceeded to denounce "illy-whittism" in the clearest and most unmistakable terms. Prof. Johnson was not at all in sympathy with the attempt to eliminate from the republican party by the present move. The next speaker, whose subject was "What Will the Negro Do in 1908?" was Rev. Dr. Porter, pastor of Avery Chapel, Memphis. He declared that he did not know what the Negro would do in 1908, but made some predictions that seemed to be in line with the way straws are pointing, if that is an indication of the way the wind blows.

There was a strong Foraker sentiment throughout the meeting, notwithstanding politics was not allowed to take charge. Yet at the mention of the Ohio Senator's name, the house would applaud continuously.

Another star of the evening was Mrs. Woodfolk, one of the sweetest singers of the city, who was applauded lustily, being forced to return to an encore. The management of the mass meeting declared that it was a financial success in every respect.

Prof. A. J. Armstrong, of Columbia, spent several days in the city last week.

HIS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Bishop C. H. Phillips Surprised by His Family,

WHO WITH FRIENDS ASSEMBLED TO DO HIM HONOR.

A GREAT LIFE PORTRAYED—COMING FROM HUMBLE SURROUNDINGS IN CHILDHOOD, HE HAS STRIVEN TO A POSITION OF HIGH EMINENCE—ONE OF THE LEADING MEN OF THE RACE—A CHURCHMAN WITH A BRILLIANT RECORD—FOR EIGHT YEARS EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN INDEX, AND ONE OF THE FOREMOST NEGRO EDITORS.

Last Friday, January 17, the Rt. Rev. C. H. Phillips, Bishop of the Fifth Episcopal District Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, was 50 years old, and this anniversary was very fittingly celebrated by the family and a few friends. Bishop Phillips was born in Milledgeville, Ga., January 17, 1858. He came from an humble parentage, and was reared upon the farm. In 1874 he was licensed to preach, shortly afterward entering Atlanta University, where he pursued his literary and theological studies. Only a few years were spent in Atlanta, however, because he later entered Central Tennessee College, now Walden University, where he graduated from the college department of this well-known school, receiving the degree of A. B. This took place in 1880. A classmate of his is Bisop I. B. Scott, of the M. E. Church. In December of the same year he married Miss Lucy E. Tappan, a graduate of Fisk University and daughter of the Rev. Dr. B. B. Tappan, a prominent Baptist minister of this city. In the meantime Mr. Phillips entered the Meharry Medical College, from which school he graduated in 1882. Dr. Phillips was then called to Jackson, Tenn., as president of Lane College. From Jackson he went to Union City, where he remained a year as the principal of the public schools. At this place he was appointed pastor of Collins Chapel, Memphis, Tenn., the leading charge of his church in the South. His pastorate there was a great success. From Memphis he was sent to Washington, D. C., where he pastored Israel Metropolitan C. M. E. Church for four years. Again he proved a great success. It was here that Dr. Phillips gained a national reputation. From Washington he was sent to old historic Center Street C. M. E. Church. In this city the daily press frequently reported his sermons, and on one occasion after publishing his sermon in full on "My Brother's Keeper," the Morning Courier Journal remarked that "Dr. Phillips' sermons are attracting large crowds and it is pretty generally conceded that he will yet reach the goal." From his charge in Louisville Dr. Phillips was made a presiding elder, then at General Conference he was elected editor of the Christian Index, the official organ of the church. For eight years he was one of the leading colored editors of the country. In 1902 in this city he was elevated to the Episcopacy. In this capacity he has proven himself to be a leader of sound and wise judgment. He is the junior bishop of his church and bears the degrees A. M., M. D., D. D. Bishop Phillips is highly intelligent and among his brethren, over whom he presides, he wields a powerful influence, for good and humanity. He is a man of much travel, having visited the old world twice. As a speaker he is fluent and eloquent, his sermons being made up of the choicest diction, and best rhetoric. As a husband and father he is kind and affectionate; as a gospel minister he is always in earnest, and is ever ready to do something for the uplift of Christ's kingdom. Hence it was fitting that his immediate family and friends should congregate to pay tribute of respect to him on his 50th anniversary. His younger son, Prof. J. T. Phillips, was absent, being a teacher in Texas College, Tyler, Tex. Rev. B. Tappan and wife, father-in-law and mother-in-law of the bishop,